

LITERARY CABINET.

AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I. NO. 18.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

H. J. HOWARD, PRINTER.

St. Clairsville, Ohio, October 26, 1833.

WHOLE NUMBER 26

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Under the above caption the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser has a well told story of the marriage of an English lady to a certain Peter Jones, a red man of the wilderness, of the tribe of the Chippewas. The article has been copied into many of our contemporary journals with evident marks of commendation; but in giving it a place in our paper, we do not wish to be considered as adopting the sentiments of the writer, as is generally the case. For, for aught we can see, we know not why it should be so offensive to the fine feelings of the Editor of the Commercial, for a "sweet girl of England" to unite herself to the "hardy iron-framed son of the forest."—And for aught we can see, we know not why a "charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth," or of any other gentleman, may not have as good a right to become the wife of a "man of the woods," an "Othello," a "Storm-king," or a "Walk-in-the-Water," as the erudite editor of the Commercial has to wed a "daughter of a gentleman" of the city of New York.—*Editor Cabinet.*

From Susquehannah's utmost springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow string,
A shepherd of the forest came.

On Sunday evening last, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, we were, fortuitously, witnesses of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakespeare's Othello, as too unnatural for probability. It can hardly be credited that such a fair, beautiful, and accomplished woman, as Desdemona is represented to have been, could have deliberately wedded such a black-a-moor as Othello. But if we ever entertained any incredulity upon the subject, it has all been dissipated by the occurrence of which we are to speak.

About two years ago, an Indian of the Chipewa nation, formerly said to have been a

man of some rank in his tribe, but now a missionary of the Methodist church among his red brethren, was sent to England, to obtain pecuniary aid for the Indian mission cause in Upper Canada. What was his native cognomen, whether it was the 'Red Lightning,' or the 'Storm King,' or 'Walk-in-the-Water,' we know not; but in plain English he is known as Peter Jones. An Indian is a rare spectacle in England. Poets and romancers have alike invested the primitive sons of the American forest, with noble and exalted characteristics, which are seldom discernible to the plain matter of fact people; and which English eyes could alone discover in the hero of the present story. But no matter: Mr. Peter Jones was not only a Missionary from the wilderness, and, as we doubt not, a pious and useful man among his own people, but he was a bona fide Indian, and he was of course made a lion of in London. He was feasted by the rich and the great. Carriages, and servants in livery awaited his pleasure, and bright eyes sparkled when he was named. He was looked upon as a great chief—a prince—an Indian king; and many romantic young ladies, who had never passed beyond the sound of Bow bell, dreamed of the charms of solitude amid the great wilds, 'the antres vast and deserts idle,' of the greater west; of the roaring of mighty cataracts, and the bounding of buffaloes over the illimitable prairies; of noble chieftains, leading armies of plumed and lofty warriors, dusky as the proud forms of giants in twilight; of forays and stag hunts, and bows and arrows, and the wild notes of the piercing warwhoop, in those halcyon days, when, unsophisticated by contact with the pale faces,

Wild in woods the noble savage ran,
and all that sort of thing, as Matthews would most unpoetically have wound off such a flourishing sentence. But it was so—

In crowds the ladies to his levees ran—
All wished to gaze upon the tawny man—
Happy were those who saw his stately stride—
Thrice happy those who tripped it at his side.

Among others who perchance may have thought of 'Kings barbaric, pearls and gold,' was the charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth, of wealth and respectability. But

she thought not of wedding an Indian, even though he was a great chief, or half a king—not she! But Peter Jones saw, or thought he saw, for the Indian cupids are not blind, that the young lady had a susceptible heart. Availing himself, therefore, of a ride with the fair creature, he said something to her which she chose not to understand, but told it to her mother. Peter Jones sought other opportunities of saying similar things, which the damsel could not comprehend—before him—but she continued to repeat them to her mother. He sought an interview with her. It was refused. He repeated the request. It was still refused, but in a less positive manner.—Finally an interview was granted him with the mother, and the result was, that before Peter Jones embarked on his return to his native woods, it was agreed that they might breathe their thoughts to each other on paper across the great waters. Thus was another point gained. And, in the end, to make a long story short, a meeting was agreed upon, to take place the present season in this city, with a view of marriage. The idea is very unpleasant, with us, of such ill-sorted mixtures of colors. But prejudices against red and dusky skins are not so strong in Europe, as they are here. They do not believe in England, that

Those brown tribes who snuff the desert air,
Are cousin-german to the wolf and bear.

The proud Brutons, moreover, were red men, when conquered by Julius Caesar. What harm then, in becoming so again! But we must hasten our story.

On Tuesday morning of last week, a beautiful young lady, with fairy form, 'grace in her step, and heaven in her eye,' stept on shore, from the elegant packet ship United States. She was attended by two clerical friends of high respectability, who, by the way, were no friends to her romantic enterprise. She waited with impatience for her princely lover to the end of the week, but he came not.—Still she doubted not his faith, and as the result proved, she had no need to doubt. For, on Sunday morning, Peter Jones arrived, and presented himself at the side of his mistress! The meeting was affectionate, though becoming. The day was spent by them to

gether, in the interchange of conversation, thoughts and emotions, which we will leave it to those better skilled in the romance of love, than ourselves, to imagine.

Though a Chippewa, Peter Jones is nevertheless a man of business, and has a just notion of the value and importance of time.—He may also have heard of the adage ‘there’s many a slip,’ &c., or, perchance of the other, ‘a bird in the hand,’ &c. But no matter.—He took part, with much propriety, in the religious exercises of the John street Church, where we happened to be present; which services were ended at 9 o’clock, by an impressive recitation of the Lord’s Prayer in the Chippewa dialect. Stepping into the house of a friend near by, we remarked an unusual gathering of clergymen, and divers ladies and gentlemen. We asked a reverend friend if there was to be another religious meeting? ‘No,’ he replied, ‘but a wedding?’ ‘A wedding?’ we exclaimed with surprise. ‘Pray who are the happy couple?’ ‘Peter Jones, the Indian Missionary,’ he replied, ‘and a sweet girl from England!’

It was then evident to our previously unsuspecting eyes, that an unwonted degree of anxious and curious interest pervaded the countenances of the assembling group. In a short time chairs were placed in a suspicious position at the head of the drawing room, their backs to the pier table. A movement was next perceptible at the door, which instantly drew all eyes to the spot, and who should enter but the same tall Indian whom we had so recently seen in the pulpit, bearing upon his arm the light, fragile and delicate form of the young lady before mentioned, her eyes drooping modestly upon the carpet, and her face fair as the lily. Thereupon up rose a distinguished clergyman, and the parties were addressed upon the subject of the divine institution of marriage—its propriety, convenience and necessity to the welfare of society and human happiness. This brief and pertinent address being ended, the reverend gentleman stated the purpose for which the couple had presented themselves, and demanded if any person or persons could show cause why the proposed union should not take place?

They were requested to make their objections then, or forever after hold their peace. A solemn pause ensued. Nothing could be heard but a few smothered sighs. There they stood—objects of deep and universal interest—we may add, of commiseration. Our emotions were tumultuous and painful. A stronger contrast was never seen. She all in white, and adorned with the sweetest simplicity. Her face as white as the gloves and dress she wore, rendering her ebon tresses, placed ‘a la Madonna’ on her fair forehead, still darker. He in rather common attire, a tall, dark, high-boned, muscular Indian. She, a little delicate European lady—he a hardy iron-framed son of the forest. She, accustomed to every luxury and indulgence, well educated, accomplished, and well-beloved at home, possessing a handsome income, leaving her comforts, the charms of civilized and cultivated society, and sacrificing them

all to the cause she had espoused—here she stood, about to make a self-immolation; and, far away from country and kindred, and all the endearments of a fond father’s house, resign herself into the arms of a man of the woods, who cannot appreciate the sacrifice!

A sweeter bride we never saw. We almost grew wild. We thought of Othello, of Hyperion and the Satyr, of the bright-eyed Hindoo and the funeral pile! She looked like a drooping flower by the side of a rugged hemlock! We longed to interpose and rescue her! But it was none of our business. She was in that situation by choice, and she was among her friends. The ceremony went on—she promised to ‘love, honor and obey,’ the Chippewa, and all tremulous as she stood, we heard the Indian and herself pronounced man and wife! It was the first time we ever heard the words ‘man and wife’ sound hatefully. All, however, knelt down and united with the clergyman in prayers for a blessing; and when the minister lifted his voice in supplication for blessings on her, that she might be sustained in her undertaking, & have health and strength to endure her destined hardships and privations, the room resounded with the deep-toned, and heart-felt, and tearful response—Amen! The audience then rose, and after attempting, with moistened eyes, to extend their congratulations to the ‘happy pair,’ slowly and pensively retired. The sweet creature is now on her way to the wilds of Upper Canada—the Indian’s bride!

Such is the history of a case of manifest and palpable delusion. Peter Jones cannot say with Othello, that ‘she loved him for the dangers he had passed.’ The young lady was not blinded by trappings of military costume, or the glare of martial glory; but she is a very pious girl—whose whole heart and soul has been devoted to the cause of heathen missions; and she has thus thrown herself into the cause, and resolved to love the Indian for the work in which he is engaged. For our own part we must say, that we wish he had never crossed the Niagara. But the die is cast, and the late comely and accomplished Miss F*****, of London, is now the wife of Mr. Peter Jones, of the Chippewas. But that she is deluded, and knows nothing of the life she is to encounter, there can be no doubt. As evidence of this, she has brought out the furniture for an elegant household establishment—rich China vases for an Indian lodge, and Turkey carpets to spread upon the morasses of the Canadian forests! Instead of a mansion she will find a wigwam, and the manufacture of brooms and baskets instead of embroidery.

In justice to the spectators of the scene, however, it is proper to state, that a few of her real friends in this city—those into whose immediate society she was cast—labored diligently to open her eyes to the real state of the case, and the life of hardship and trial which she inevitably is destined to lead. Poor girl! We wish she was by her father’s ingle in Lambeth, and Peter Jones preaching to the Cippewas, with the prettiest squaw among them for a wife!

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS FOR AN ALBUM, SOLICITING CONTRIBUTIONS.

A thought—a line—a sentence from a friend, May yield a joy that crowns cannot impart; May to a sorrowing bosom gladness send, And calm the throbings of an anxious heart— May, like a radiant messenger of peace, With power effulgent as the beams of day, Bid gloomy doubts and dread forebodings cease, And certain bliss for fearful woes display— May, as a bright memento of the past, Call scenes to view which else had ever lain On memory’s shadowy tablature, nor cast One sweet remembrance o'er whole years of pain—

May—O, what rapture to the feeling heart! Call friendship, love, and dear delights to view; Which erst with thrilling power could bliss impart, And now with equal power yield bliss as true.— Then, courteous friend, one dear memento give, Dear for the gift, and for the giver dear, That in my memory your name may live, When your fond voice no more salutes my ear. This virgin volume faithfully will keep Whate'er to it your kindness may impart— Then give a line—that o'er it I may weep, And gather gladness for my lonely heart— For, O! 'tis sweet, when those we prized are gone, To gaze upon some sacred gift of love, By each bestowed; and rapturously look on, In the fond hope to meet again above!

Massillon, O. Oct. 7, 1833. L. E. S.

LETTERS ON ITALY.

BY M. DAPATY.

Translated for the Literary Cabinet, from the original French.

LETTER II.—AVIGNON.

I have yet a few things to say concerning Avignon. I have been here scarcely three days; you would say, perhaps, that M—— has made a tour in Italy, and has not quitted France.

There are some details which have struck me: The Vice Legate judges criminals sovereignly, and in civil cases, in the first instance. That usage is said to be common in Italy. And why? Because civil justice principally menaces the rich;—criminal justice the poor. The vice legate has the power to pardon. Strange delegation of sovereignty! It is true that the tribunals in France have often the right to prevent the king from doing it; which is stronger still. The pope is so well satisfied with his vice legate, that he has created him candle-bearer of his church. This, in the government of the pope, is promotion. I yesterday saw a man who came from the galleys, to which that candle-bearer had very unjustly and very ridiculously condemned him for five years, as convicted of assassination. This unhappy man, whose name is Lorenzo,

has undergone his punishment, notwithstanding the public voice and the exertions of the intendant of Toulon in his favour.

His innocence came to light in an extraordinary manner. One day as he passed along in the arsenal of Toulon, another galley slave said to one of his companions,—There is an unfortunate man of whom I am not able to support the sight. And why? That man is here for having assassinated such an one, and it is I who have committed that crime.—Lorenzo heard these words—What a moment! In an instant he went to the galley slave; he pressed—he conjured him to deliver quickly into safe hands the secret of his innocence. But the mind of the miserable man was already shut to pity and open to terror. Lorenzo, with the approbation of his superiors, had the constancy to attach himself, for two years in succession, to the depositary of his innocence. He got himself fastened to the same chain. He followed him to the hospital. What did he not say to excite his pity, by day and by night, and every day! But he could not move him. At last, at the expiration of two years, he succeeded by force of prayers and tears, to soften anew the heart of the wretched man—to awaken remorse—and to bring out a second time the important secret. Some witnesses were suborned. They formed a process, and carried it to the intendant, who instantly threw the accused into chains. Inprudent severity! The accused retracted.—The five years have expired, and Lorenzo is gone from the galleys.

On what, then, had he been condemned? On an indication the most light—on circumstance. The person assassinated had nine louis in his pocket; behold, say they, the nine louis, and consequently the three assassins. They condemned these three men to the galleys, where two of them have since died. Such is the history of circumstantial evidence—the history of all criminal tribunals, except those of England. The laws of England fear to condemn—the laws of France fear to release.

Our unfortunate is going to Rome, to throw himself at the feet of the pope, in order to obtain the reversion of his process. They say that the pope is kind.

I have made a remark, that humane men deceive themselves less, and believe less easily in crimes. Humanity is a light.

LETTER III.—TOULON.

Since my route has led to Toulon, it is necessary that I should speak of it. It is a very lively town, and built regularly; a thousand rivulets descend from the rocks and mountains

against which it is built, and penetrate all its parts. A multitude of fountains collect and afterwards distribute themselves. One would take the town of Toulon for a fountain. The quantity of water renders the winter a little colder; but it refreshes the summer.

The port is admirable. I have seen the *Hero* who advanced M. De Suffren. That vessel has not usurped her name.

I have concerned myself particularly with the government of the galleys. The galley slaves are not ill-treated at Toulon—they work, and are paid. Thing horrible! there are perhaps two millions of men in France, who would be happy to be in galley-slavery, were they not to it condemned. Formerly, scarcely the sentence of the galley slaves was finished, when they returned; but of late, some of the tribunals, which furnished Toulon, in place of sending the relapsed back to the galleys, hang them!

The number of the galley slaves is almost the same every year—that is, there is every year almost the same number of crimes committed. Thus, there enters the same quantity of water daily in a vessel, and the work of the pump is equal; but if the vessel were better; if the wood were better jointed; if the guardianship were greater; there would much less water enter daily into the vessel.

I have run over the register of the galleys. Listen: Some children of thirteen years of age, condemned to the galleys for being found with their fathers who were convicted of smuggling! I have read it—"For being found with their fathers." If they had not been thus found with them, they had put them in the *Bicetre*. Behold the law of the revenue! Behold the indulgence for the revenue! They have sold it to innocent blood!—and do they pause?

I have seen many of those children; and tears have rolled from my eyes, and indignation kindled in my bosom; and I cannot be appeased, save in the hope of not dying without having denounced all the errors of our criminal legislation. Ah! that I were able to contribute to the deliverance of those young and innocent hands from those abominable irons! I hope to do it.

I have read also on the register—"For crime of swindling, and vehemently suspected of assassination, to the galleys perpetually."

I have read also on the register—"For robbery, and having deceived a number of honest people, (proper terms,) a hundred years to the galleys." This is a sentence of the tribunal *Deux-Ponts*. France lends to many sovereigns of Germany her punishments.

I have read also on the register—"Vehe-

mently suspected of assassination and robbery, with burglary, to the galleys perpetually."

I would pay a double price for the registers of the galleys. What lights they contain! They may enable us to estimate the bloody harvest, which makes every year in France, in her different tribunals, the exterminating sword of criminal justice!

A singular event, some time since, plunged the galley slaves into the most profound despair. The Intendant of the Marine received orders to separate them into three classes—the deserters, the contraband traders, and the criminals. It would seem that the deserters and the contraband traders ought to have desired a separation; but on the contrary, their despair was extreme.

All the galley slaves absolutely see each other in the same light. For misfortune is as death. It puts all men upon a level. The galley slaves, in their own opinion, are only the unfortunate feeble, who have been vanquished by the strong. Far from blushing here at the atrocity of their crimes, they boast of them. One has done more ill to the enemy; another has been more adroit or more courageous. Thus, the deserters and the contraband traders despise not at all the criminals; and by the separation ordained lose many advantages; the one a robust companion; the other a man of whom he is accustomed to hear the voice and encounter the look; and another loses the man who was unhappy with himself. There ran, at the approach of that separation, bitter tears—the tears of the heart. The Intendant of the Marine has given to many galley slaves the favour of living together at the same chain.

Reflect on this! Search these new depths of the human heart!

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

APOSTROPHE TO AFRICA.

An extract from a MS. Poem.

Oh Afric! once the pride of earth and sea!
Cradle of Science and Philosophy!
Well mayest thou mourn.—Thy cities ravng'd,
Thy sons butcher'd, exiled, and enslaved;
Thy burning sands reddened with their gore;
And thy once happy plains, where peace and joy
And pleasure dwelt, and social ease, now,
One dreadful scene presents, of tottering
Monuments, smoking hamlets, and ruins
Moulder to the dust,—a wide spreading,
Desolate domain.

Ill-fated land!
Bright Phebus' burning rays; plagues and pest-
ilence;
Thy scorching Siroc's withering breath—Za-
hara's
Trackless sands; thy whirlwinds, wild tornadoes
Rending earth and skies;—all the nom'rous ills
That have their source and spring in Nature's
law,
Far,—yes—far better may be borne than those
Which thou art doom'd to suffer, by fiendlike
Professors of the christian name. G.

EDUCATION.

NOTICE OF THE PROCEEDINGS
Of the Western Literary Institute and College of Professional Teachers, held in Cincinnati, commencing September 9, 1833.

September 9.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., agreeably to public notice, the citizens, and members of the Western Literary Institute and College of Professional Teachers, assembled at the Second Presbyterian Church, for the purpose of hearing the opening address.

The meeting joined in an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Dr. BEECHER, of Cincinnati; after which an eloquent and able address was delivered by the Rev. LYMAN BEECHER, "On the importance of making the business of teaching a Profession."

The College then adjourned, to meet at three o'clock, in the Rev. Mr. Burke's church, for the transaction of business.

At three o'clock P. M., President THOMAS J. MATTHEWS took the chair, and called the meeting to order.

The proceedings of the convention of October, 1832, were read by the Secretary.

Letters were received from twenty gentlemen, teachers and others, throughout the Western States and Territories, regretting their absence, but all heartily approving the objects of the College.

On motion of Albert Picket, Sen. Esq., it was unanimously

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to report on the expediency of preparing a *Manual of Instruction for the Mississippi Valley*; which shall contain the best plans of erecting school houses and organizing schools, the modes of government, and the most approved and practicable methods of teaching the different branches of knowledge;—the work to be afforded at a moderate price.

A committee of three was appointed on the above resolution. On motion,

Resolved, That the subject of *Common Schools* be taken up for discussion, on Tuesday evening, after the lecture, and that the public be invited to attend the meeting, and participate in the discussion.

The following subjects were proposed for discussion, viz:

The importance of oral instruction, especially as an introduction to the use of books.

Is it desirable that *Physical Education* form a part of Female instruction?

Ought the love of distinction to be appealed to, as a motive in Education?

To what extent is it desirable to make the science of the mind a part of a course of study?

Ought the memory of children ever to be exercised without a corresponding exercise of the understanding?

Ought the Hebrew language to constitute a regular part of the system of collegiate education?

What shall be the *order of studies*, to be prosecuted in our primary schools?

Ought corporeal punishment ever to be inflicted in Female Schools?

September 10.

President Matthews in the chair. On motion,

Resolved, That a part of this afternoon be set aside for the purpose of hearing the remarks of individuals connected with the state of Education in their vicinity, and also the manner of teaching, as practised in their respective schools.

On motion, *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to draught an *address* to the Literary Institutions throughout the Union, of similar objects with our own.

On motion, *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., agreeably to public notice, an address was delivered before the college, by Dr. DANIEL DRAKE, on "Physical Education."

On motion, *Resolved*, That the Board of Directors be instructed to publish, in such manner as may be thought best, *an address* to the friends of Education in the West; setting forth the importance of popular Education, requesting their hearty co-operation in their efforts to bring the subject before the public mind, and making suggestions as to the manner they may be accomplished.

At seven o'clock, P. M., TIMOTHY WALKER, Esq. delivered an address before the College, "On the object of education in the United States."

After the lecture, the College organized and proceeded to a discussion of the subjects named under a former resolution.

September 11.

Thomas J. Matthews, President.

Committees were appointed on the following subjects, to report to the Local Executive Committee, at or before the next annual meeting of the College:

Ought the ancient languages to constitute a part of education?

Referred to Rev. B. O. Peers, Lexington.

Ought the science of *numbers*, or that of *language*, to occupy the more attention in the early stages of education?

Committee—President Matthews, Cincinnati.

To what extent may *manual labour* be beneficially employed, as a means of reducing the expenses of a Collegiate education?

Committee—Messrs. J. M. Sturtevant, and E. Beecher, Jacksonville, Ill.

Ought the requisition to engage in manual labour to be extended, in our colleges, to all the students, or should the engaging in such labor be optional?

Committee—J. M. Sturtevant, Esq.

Are there any defects in the Common Schools? If any, what are they? and how may they be remedied?

Committee—S. H. Van Doren, Esq., Lexington.

Should sacred history be considered a proper part of common school education? If so, what is the best method of introducing it?

Referred to Arnold Treusdell, Esq., Cincinnati.

What shall be the *order of studies* to be prosecuted in our primary female schools?

Committee—Mr. Van Doren, Lexington.

To what extent may *music* be introduced, as a branch of common school education? and what may be done by this College to promote its introduction?

Referred to J. Buchanan, Esq., Madison co., Ky.

Has emulation, as a motive in education, a favorable or unfavourable tendency? and in what way ought it to be adopted, as a *means*?

Referred to a committee of three, viz: Messrs. T. J. Matthews, T. H. Quinan, and Arnold Treusdell, Cincinnati.

On motion *Resolved*, That the above *reports* be presented, for the consideration of the College, at its next annual meeting.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., Mr. ALEXANDER KINMONT delivered an *address* before the College, "On the study of character."

At three o'clock, agreeably to public notice, Professor STOWE, of the Lane Seminary, delivered an address "On the discipline of the intellectual powers."

At seven o'clock, P. M., Rev. B. O. PEERS addressed the citizens and members of the College, "On intellectual education, particularly in its early stages."

September 12.

T. J. Matthews in the chair.

The committee (appointed at the convention of October, 1832) to whom was referred the consideration of the "Class Book for all grades of schools, best adapted to promote the interests of education," submitted the following report; which was accepted, and ordered to be published in one or more of the city papers:

REPORT.

The Committee of the Convention of last year, to whom was referred the consideration of Class Books, &c. beg leave to Report—That they regard the excessive multiplication of Schools Books, on all subjects, as an evil, in a great measure unavoidable, in the present state of professional qualifications, among the great body of Teachers.

Teachers thoroughly versed in the sciences which they teach, and adepts in the art of communicating them, require nothing more of a school book than that it fully exhibit the facts which are necessary to be known to the Student. The mode and order of communicating these, skilful Teachers will constantly adapt to the new circumstances in which their classes and pupils appear. The inflexible mechanism of one system of communicating knowledge, does not, therefore, suit them; and, consequently, in their eyes, that class book will always be the best one, which presents the naked facts, unincumbered with system. The case, however, is different, where a Teacher is either distrustful of his own powers, or is really deficient in his attainments. He prefers a book, not for the plain and succinct statement of facts which it contains, but for the system of teaching which it offers him, *ready made*.

In this way books, have been multiplied to

suit the different capacities of Teachers, quite as much as to accommodate their pupils.

For this evil, then, so far as it exists, your Committee see no other remedy, than this very general one—to wit: to elevate the standard of intellectual qualifications among Teachers themselves—an object which this College, on other accounts also, is so desirous to effect. When this end shall have been attained, the correction of the evil alluded to, will follow as a necessary result. Each Teacher, in the well-grounded confidence of his own talents and capacities, will adopt and follow such plans of instruction as he finds, for the time, to be most successful; and such school books only will be acceptable, as contain perspicuous arrangements of facts, divested of all the peculiarities of any exclusive system of teaching whatever. When this desirable epoch shall have arrived, your Committee will then be prepared to recommend a set of school books, and, in the mean time, would trust to the natural competition of book-making talent, to have them forthcoming.

For the present, they would beg leave to offer only one suggestion on this subject—that the works which are to be put into the hands of children to be read, should, as much as possible, be the productions of men of taste and genius—for works of this kind, alone possess that character of essential simplicity, which is so agreeable and pleasing to the minds of children, as well as men. They deprecate the general introduction of that *nursery style* of composition, which has appeared in some late works of elementary instruction, which they believe to be as *remote from usefulness*, as it is foreign to all true taste.

Your Committee are of opinion, that a child sustains no loss whatever by being accustomed to a style of diction somewhat above its comprehension; it reminds him that he has to rise to a superior degree of intelligence, instead of resting where he is, and he can always intercept enough of the author's meaning, thoroughly to interest him.

All which is respectfully submitted.

Signed, THOMAS J. MATTHEWS, B. O. PEERS, A. KINMONT, Committee.

Adjourned to meet at three o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

At 11 o'clock, A. M. Mr. CLAUDIUS BRADFORD delivered an address "On the kind of education adapted to the Western States;" succeeded by Mr. NATHANIEL HOLLEY, "On the importance and absolute necessity of Universal Education."

Three o'clock P. M. T. J. Matthews in the chair. The committee on nominating officers for the College, submitted a ticket, which was read. The College then went into an election, of which the following was the result:

Albert Picket, Sen. Esq. (late Principal of the Cincinnati Female Institute,) *President.*

Thomas J. Matthews, Esq. (President and Professor of Mathematics in Woodward High School,) *Corresponding Secretary.*

David L. Talbott, *Recording Secretary.*

Timothy Hammond, Esq. *Treasurer.*

For Kentucky. Rev. B. O. Peers, (President of Transylvania University, Lexington,) *Vice President.*

President Young, Danville, S. Halsey Van Doren, Esq. Lexington, J. H. Brown, Esq. Richmond, F. E. Goddard, Esq. Louisville, P. S. Fall, (President of Female Eclectic Institute, near Frankfort, *Directors.*)

Ohio. Rev. E. Slack, Oxford, *Vice President.*

Professor McGuffey, Oxford, M. G. Williams Esq. Principal of Manual Labor School, Dayton, Rev. Lyman Beecher, Cincinnati, Professor Stowe, Lane Seminary, Thos. H. Quinn, Cincinnati, *Directors.*

Indiana. Rev. Dr. Blythe, President of S. Hanover College, *Vice President.*

Professor Niles, South Hanover, J. N. Farnham, Esq. Salem, *Directors.*

Illinois. Rev. Edward Beecher, Jacksonville, *Vice President.*

Professor Sturtevant, *Director.*

Mississippi. Dr. Chamberline, Hinds Co. *Vice President.*

L. B. Hatchett, Natchez, Josiah H. Finley, do. Mr. Marshall, Wilkinson, Samuel H. Black, *Directors.*

Mann Butler, Esq. Louisville, A. Kinmont, Esq. Cincinnati, Timothy Walker, Esq. do. James Hall, Esq. do. *Censors.*

The committee to whom was referred the subject of "A Manual of Instruction for the Mississippi Valley," reported, "That they deem it expedient to have such a work published; and recommend the appointment of a committee, agreeably to the resolution to prepare a Manual, to be submitted to the consideration of the College, at its next annual meeting."

Report accepted, and a committee of four gentlemen appointed to prepare said work.

The Board of Directory, recommended the amendment of the constitution, so as to transfer the annual meeting to the First Monday in October, which was adopted.

On motion, *Resolved,* That members of the College use all reasonable exertions to establish Auxiliary Societies in their respective neighborhoods.

On motion, *Resolved,* That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting, be presented to the Editors throughout the West.

September 13.

Agreeably to public notice, the members of the College of Professional Teachers, and citizens, met at the Second church, for the purpose of continuing the discussion commenced on Tuesday evening; President Matthews in the chair.

Judge Hall, of Cincinnati, proceeded to address the meeting at some length, on the subject of Public Schools, and concluded by offering the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a central committee be appointed to devise the plan of a Society for the improvement of education, and the diffusion of useful knowledge, which shall include citizens of all classes in the several western states, and be calculated to exert an influence on the whole mass of the people; and that

said meeting shall make its report at a general convention of the citizens of the western States and Territories, to be held in this city, on the Second Monday in April next.

After which the meeting was addressed by President Beecher, of Jacksonville; T. Walker, Esq. Cincinnati; Dr. Beecher, Gen. King; Wm. Greene, Esq.; S. Y. Atlee, Esq. Cincinnati; and Rev. B. O. Peers, Lexington.

On motion, *Resolved,* That the following persons shall compose the Central Committee, viz: Nathan Guilford, Esq. Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., Prof. Thomas J. Matthews, John P. Foote, Esq., Rev. B. O. Peers, J. D. Garrard, Esq. Jas. Hall, Esq.

On motion, *Resolved,* That there be added to the above committee two or more persons in each of the western States and Territories, to be selected by the Central Committee, and to co-operate with it in reference to the proposed measures.

On motion, *Resolved,* That measures be immediately adopted for raising a contribution in money, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of an agent for this state, and publishing such documents as may be deemed important.

Upon which subscription lists were circulated through the meeting, and the sum of two hundred and sixty-two dollars was subscribed.

On motion, the meeting Adjourned.

DAVID L. TALBOTT, *Rec. Sec'y.*
Cincinnati, Sept. 17, 1833.

TO THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION IN THE WEST.

EDUCATION is still at a very low ebb among us;—we should accuse ourselves of wilful and base flattery, were we to represent the matter otherwise:—We are *certain*, Fellow Citizens, that Education is still at a very low ebb among us; our united experience testifies to the fact; and believing it useful to address you on the subject, we are compelled to speak the truth; we cannot and we will not deceive you. Every other art has attained greater perfection, and is more fostered and encouraged than the Art of Teaching; and, for a proof of this, you have but to look at the general rate of the qualifications of Teachers throughout the country. You require a man to have spent two or three years' apprenticeship to his trade, before you will intrust him with finishing a piece of mechanical work; your Smiths and Carpenters must be persons of science & creditable execution in their respective crafts, or you will not employ them, even if they should offer to do their work at an extremely low price; for you justly consider that work to be too dear, however cheaply done, which is imperfectly or bunglingly done.—Why, then should the business of Teaching form an exception to this general rule of valuation? Here you would seem to act in opposition to your own principles; you do not seek for a good Teacher, but a *cheap* one; and whether he has learned his art or not, you care little; you are satisfied if he *profess* to have learned it and will not charge too much for the exercise of it. Hence your children, in many schools, learn nothing, or next to nothing; and the most precious time of their lives is lost

to themselves, to their parents, and to society. Remember, Fellow Citizens, we are ourselves practical Teachers, and speak from knowledge; and we tell you honestly, that your children in the primary schools of this country might be taught three, nay, four times as much as they now are in the same time, were these schools under proper regulations, and superintended by properly qualified Teachers, who make their art as much a matter of study, as other workmen and artizans do theirs. But this can never take place until sufficient inducements shall be held out to Teachers, to form themselves into a regular Profession, and to study it systematically.

With regard to the defects of Education alluded to, we believe them to belong chiefly to Elementary or Common Schools. And, indeed, we are not so anxious about the education of the wealthy, which is already tolerably well provided for, as about the education of those who earn their bread by their daily labor. How many a fine and vigorous mind is kept down, among the class of the people, for want of the benefits of early Education, which every Republic, that is not a mere political farce, or Ambition's Ladder, for demagogues to climb up on, ought certainly to afford even to the very poorest of her sons. What! are not "all men created equal?"—Yes, but how long will they continue so, when your Legislators give *you*, whose lot it is to labor, nothing but the mere garbage of Ignorance to feed on, while the rich, in the mean time, are permitted to riot on all the luxuries of intellectual enjoyment. But even the rich, we are persuaded, feel as little their own interests in this arrangement as the poor; for the wealthiest man alive, if he reflect at all, cannot but see, that if, on his death, he leave a family behind him, the majority of his descendants, unless they should enjoy a singularly good fortune indeed, must, in the course of a century, at farthest, be reduced to the common level of the uninstructed multitude. We would call then on all Parents, rich and poor indiscriminately:—we would call on them as they reverence the dictates of that powerful instinct of parental affection which nature has implanted in our breasts, to preserve our country and posterity from the stigma of popular ignorance—will they so confine the means of knowledge, as to impose upon their own immediate or remote descendants, the burthen of a most oppressive and mental slavery, so that those of them who sink into poverty must forever remain there, not from any natural incapacity to rise, but from ignorance of the means of doing so; in short from the want of early instruction? Men of the West! what are you about? You are listening to the bickerings of rival creeds in Religion, and rival parties in Politics, and you are overlooking the very means which can save you either from the falsity of the one, or perversity in the other. You are neglecting to enlighten the minds of your children, and then what designing Priests shall not be able to hood-wink them! What artful demagogue shall not succeed in leading them astray?—

They would show us the superiority of their creeds,—lo! here is a field for them; let them enlighten the people,—let them support the cause of popular Education;—if they do not, we shall know how to estimate the pretensions of their creeds; by their fruits we shall know them; they can love the darkness rather than the light, only because their deeds are evil. And with regard to parties in Politics, why, that one which avers to love the people most—let that one show it, by consulting the real interests of the people, by advocating a popular, a Universal Education, which shall come home to every man's door, and which shall be common and of all pervading influence, as the light of Heaven and of Day; and which shall prove that sentiment of the Declaration of Independence,—that men are born to the unalienable rights of liberty and the pursuits of happiness,—something better than a mockery; for we would ask, of what consequence is it that we are born to such privileges, if, from the moment of our birth, and throughout the period of life our souls are laid under the shackles of vice, superstition, and ignorance.

As Teachers, Fellow Citizens, and as men, and as Christians, we have become thoroughly convinced, and we share in this conviction, we are assured, with the most thinking among yourselves, that unless an effective system of Popular Education be established in the Western States, we are on the very eve of losing all that moral and rational freedom which our civil and political institutions give us a right to expect. Many of us are deeply enamored of the brighter glories of Literature and Science; we rejoice over the invaluable remnants of Ancient learning, or we are delighted to survey those extensive fields of Modern Knowledge, which Mathematics and Physics have opened up, but in half of these in the mean time, we crave not either your interposition, or, rather, we believe that their own proper merits can rivet your regards sufficiently,—but we supplicate you, Fellow Citizens, we implore you, we most earnestly beg you, do, do something more than you have done, for the cause of elementary and popular Instruction; take care that every youth in this free country shall be able at least to read; but do not we beseech you, stop at this; see that he is also instructed in the history of his country, and in the knowledge of its laws, those laws, which are made for his observance,—but shall he either observe or do them, while he remains ignorant of them.

But let it be remarked, in addition, that legislative enactments alone, can never effect this object, the general diffusion of Education among the people; if they could we should have all been well educated long ago; legislative enactments would have educated us, for such are not wanting in our Statute books; but they cannot do it alone; very far from it. What then? You individually must do it, and if every one, himself, will do something, the work will be accomplished; for, the population, let it be remembered, is made up of individuals, and all duty of this sort is

individual, as much as it is social and political. We would, then, recommend it to every individual, to endeavor to rouse his neighbourhood on this subject, and we would leave the means of doing so, to his own judgment. It is not our object to urge any one system, we would rather hear suggestions on this point ourselves.

We would recommend one thing, however, most earnestly, and that is, that a higher rate of qualifications be insisted on in teachers, especially those of Primary Schools; and if you should have to give a higher price; why only consult the dictates of common sense, and you will see it is for your interests to do so. A pair of shoes which have lasted you nine months and for which you have paid three dollars are three times as cheap as a pair for which you paid one dollar,, and which last you only one month. In short, let every man apply the same sagacity, and common sense, and eagerness to the affairs of education, which he exerts on affairs of far inferior importance, and the cause shall prosper; the primary instruction of the grand body of the people will be provided for, and the highest branches of Education, we are perfectly satisfied of it, will provide for themselves. Let the plane of Education be pushed under the Feet of Society and be elevated, and the Head will rise of course; whereas by taking hold of the Head of Society, and attempting to pull up that, you incur the danger of dismemberment,—you may insolate the Head from the Trunk of the Community.

Fellow citizens, we have addressed you on this subject, as it became us to do, from simplicity of heart, and with plainness of speech: we are assured, after all, we have been delivering to you your own sentiments: we know that you think with us on this subject; we learn so much from the deep interest you have taken in our proceedings; and in conclusion, we would beg leave to express our thanks in particular to those Editors of Public Journals throughout the West, who have patriotically noticed this Convention. Let us go on Men and Brethren, with firm and combined efforts, and Ignorance and Folly, in this land, shall soon hide their heads, and be ashamed.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

"A mother ought to attend to the first education of her boys and to that of her girls entirely, but let useful knowledge precede that which is merely secondary. There may be single individuals among girls who have a great disposition to learn languages, let them exercise their talent, but let them not be a standard for girls in general. I am sure that few of them, as well as of boys, will be greatly delighted with the study of classics. On the other hand, I doubt that, on account of this acquirement, girls become better wives and better mothers, and that they will, for this reason, gain the affection of their husbands. Rich and independent females certainly should be occupied, and if they be married without having children, some may be entertained by

the study of languages, ancient and modern. No sensible man will object to this, the question is only what shall be the general rule and what the exception. It, however, still seems to me, that even such ladies might become more useful to their fellow-creatures, and more meritorious, by other occupations."

Jam Jehan N'ma.—Under this quaint, and original, though somewhat fantastic title, our friend, Mr. John Howard Payne proposes to publish, in London, a literary journal, which shall combine the talents and subserve the interests alike of England and America. His plan is highly patriotic and magnificent, and, if fulfilled as contemplated, will confer glory on the projector and his patrons. Mr. Payne has now brought his countrymen to the test; he has developed an enterprise fraught with an immense labour and expense to him—of incalculable advantages to them—and demanded to know if the national spirit of the one great republic will support an American periodical in England. We sincerely hope and trust that he will succeed; we hope that the reputation, which he acquired abroad, will be his passport to permanent patronage and prosperity at home. Our literature is yet to be created, and we welcome all, who, like Mr. Payne, can confer honour on the American name, vindicate the cause of their native land, and startle their fellow citizens from the lethargy of dependence to a consciousness of their intellectual prerogatives.—*N. A. Mag.*

LITERARY CABINET, AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

EDITED BY THOMAS GREGG.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OCTOBER 26, 1833.

CORRESPONDENTS.—The two poetical pieces mentioned in last number are too *unpoetical* for publication.

DEATH OF MARIAMNE.

Of all the Princes who occupied the throne of Judea, during the time that devoted country was under the dominion of the Romans, none were so favored by fortune abroad, and none so miserable at home, as was Herod, the Great. Continual dissensions filled his palace with blood. Jealous of the princes of the Asmonean family, who had a better right to the throne than himself, and who were, likewise, the favorites of the people, with the most relentless cruelty he put them to death, besides several of the chief men, and a great number of the Sanhedrim. At length, after having, in the fury of his vengeance, been instrumental in the death of the grand-father, father, brother, and uncle of his beautiful wife Mariamne, to cap the climax of his cruelty, he ordered her to be executed. "She met her death," says Milman, in his history

of the Jews, "with the calm intrepidity of innocence, and died worthy of the noble house of which the last blood flowed in her veins."

But no sooner was the bloody deed committed than Herod repented of his rashness,—and his mind became subject to the most violent remorse. "Every where," continues the same writer, "by day and by night, he was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne; he called upon her name; he perpetually burst into passionate tears."

Lord Byron has most beautifully described the despair and remorse of Herod on this occasion, in the following pathetic lines:

1

"Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

2

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my phrenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doomed my own despair:
The sword that smote her's o'er me wav'd.—
But thou art cold, my murdered love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

3

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She's sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earned those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming."

LITERARY NOTICE.

LADIES, MAGAZINE, and Literary Gazette.—edited by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE. Vol. 6. Nos. 7. and 8. Boston: Published by Marsh, Capen, and Lyon.

This is a new era in Literature. The time is past when we can say, with any expectation of sustaining our character for veracity, that the intellect of our sisters is less strong than our own. Indeed the time has never been when such an assertion could be made in truth. In the dark ages of feudal barbarism, from which we have not very long emerged, by the system of oppression which was practised upon woman by him who styled himself her lord, her intellectual powers became weakened and depressed. But this is no evidence of her inferiority. Now, the lights of christianity, civilization, and civil liberty, have shone abroad in the land, and dispelled the dark night of superstition and error, the soul of woman has assumed its proper sphere in the world.

In addition to the host of female authors, from whose pens have emanated some of the very best of our literary productions, no less than seven or eight at this time occupy the station of editors and conductors of public journals, in America, besides a number on the other side of the Atlantic.

Among the editorial sisterhood, we believe Mrs. HALE, occupies the first rank. Her Magazine has been well sustained through five volumes. As an author she is well known. As a writer, among all her coadjutors, she may have an equal, but no superior. As an editor, the fine taste and judgment displayed in this Magazine, and the manner she has been patronized, are a sufficient testimony. With such helpmates as Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. CHILD, & Miss HANNAH F. GOULD, she cannot but proceed on her course, a beacon light to her sex, and an ornament to American literature.

EDUCATION.—We have occupied a considerable portion of this day's paper with the Proceedings of the Western Literary Institute, and the Address of that body to the public. The great importance of the object sought to be attained by this Association—the general advancement of science and knowledge, and the elevation of the character of teachers in the Mississippi Valley—has imposed it upon us as a duty.

We hope the Institution may prosper—and we hope also, that it may be a means of arousing to active exertions, the association of Teachers and others, which was formed in this county during the last autumn. We yet believe that this society is *not dead, but sleepeth.*

SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE IN THE WEST.—As an evidence of the great increase of knowledge among all classes of readers in the western country we may mention the enlargement and improvement of several of our literary and political periodicals. Our neighbour of the Wheeling Times, proposes to publish his paper *Tri-Weekly*—the Columbus State Journal and the Hemisphere propose to issue *Daily*, during the session of the Legislature—the Cincinnati Mirror has enlarged and changed from *Semi-Monthly* to *Weekly*—the Cincinnati Gazette and the Republican have each enlarged their dimensions—and the Western Shield of the same city has promised to enlarge—and *last and least*, our own humble sheet will shortly be enlarged to a *Royal*, and *treble* the quantity of matter presented yearly to its readers.

AMERICAN POETRY.

INDIAN NAMES.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our States and Territories, rivers and lakes, are designated by their names?"

Ye say they all have passed away
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd as wither'd leaves
Before the Autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,—
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut has wreath'd it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breath'd it hoarse,
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides their lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye give the winds their dust.

Ye deem those red-brow'd brethren
The insects of an hour,
Forgotten and despis'd amid
The regions of their power.
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the Court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their resisting tribes
With toil-worn step and slow,
Onward through trackless deserts press,
A caravan of wo.
Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to him?

From the Literary Inquirer.

THE INDIAN STUDENT'S SONG.

Give me back my bended bow!
My cap and feathers, give them back!
To chase o'er hills the bounding roe,
Or follow in the otter's track.

Ye took me from the forest wild,
Where all is bright, is free, is blest;
And said the Indian hunter's child
In classic halls and bowers should rest.

Long have I dwelt within these walls,
Have pored o'er ancient pages long—
I hate these antiquated halls,
I hate the Grecian poet's song.

My soul was framed for nobler deeds!
This form o'er Indian plains to roam!
Your bell of call no more I heed,
But sigh to see my childhood's home.

There still my brother bounds as free
As the wild heron's soaring wing;
There, too, my sisters think of me,
As their low chant at eve they sing.

There, too, perhaps!—away, away!
I can not think and linger here;
In dreams I hear her lonely lay,
In dreams I see the silent tear.

'Tis done, 'tis past, and free as air,
I drink the breath of forest glade;
On, on! nor toil, nor footsteps spare—
I seek the deepest, wildest shade.

Buffalo, July 6th, 1833. G.

THE DAY OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

An extract from the first canto of "The Missionary," a MS Poem, by W. D. GALLAGHER.

[In Mr. Flint's excellent work, the "Ten Years' Residence in the Mississippi Valley," there is a graphic account of the Earthquakes which occurred at New Madrid, a town (at that time of considerable importance) on the Mississippi river, fifty miles below the mouth of the Ohio, in the years 1811 and '12.—Thousands of acres of land are represented to have been sunk, and numerous lakes and ponds created. The village grave-yard was precipitated into the Mississippi, whose mighty waters were forced to flow back upon themselves. The air was filled with water and sand; and during the severity of the shocks, men were to be seen flying to the open fields—birds seeking the habitations of men—and cattle and beasts of prey rushing from forest to field, and from field to forest, in the utmost consternation.]

Day beamed but darkly—and the Sun
Came redly up his lurid path,
With threatening front, and dim, and dun—
And Night's bright watchers, one by one,
Fled from his brow of wrath:
A mass of clouds, intensely black,
Trooped fleetly round his brass' way,
As if to change his vengeful track,
Or drive him, in his anger, back,
And his fell purpose stay.

He mounted up—the rolling mass
Divided, and his face of brass
Peered down upon the earth—
But dim, and pale, and sadly shorn
Of the bright beams that he had worn
Ever since Creation's birth.
And there was hotness in the air,
And greenness on the sky;
And a sense of fear fell every where,
On those who gazed on high;
Where gathering gloom, and thunder peal,
And lightning-flash, and hurried wheel
Of sulphury clouds, and black—
Like armies in their wrathful might,
Impetuous rushing for the fight,
Charging, and falling back—
Were veiling fast from mortal eye
The face of the on-looking sky.

Men hurried quickly to and fro,
And whispered as they passed along:
Haggard and pale were some with woe—
And some were gay with song;
For there be men, with impious breath,
Will scoff in the very face of Death:

Laugh at all human hopes and fears,
And scorn the christian's prayers and tears.

The sheenless sun mounts up still higher,
More like a flameless ball of fire
Then the bright orb, whose glory none
Of earthly eye may look upon.
Men stand agast—hist! bark! a sound!
'Tis like the distant roll of thunder:
Another—hist! the very ground

Trembles, as though 'twould fall asunder,
Look! blackening masses fill the air,
Earth, water, sand, commingled rush
In horrid tumult, everywhere,
And the tall trees in fury crush,
And dash them to the earth, which gaps
And swallows them. A moment's lapse—
A moment of the most intense,
And fearful, agonized suspense—
And birds are wandering to and fro,
Regardless of their way—
Now to the earth they come, and now
In the dark distance stray.
Th' affrighted beasts rage madly round,
Driv'n from their forest-lairs,
And rush for man's forbidden ground,
Less dreaded now than theirs.

Hark! there is in the distance vast
A rumbling noise—and men agast
Stand gazing on their fellow men,
And start, and turn, and gaze again.
Then from their homes they wildly fly,
For fiercer grows the strife on high;
And all around, above, beneath,
Is chaos—desolation—death.
Destruction rides upon the wind,
With Wrath and Ruin close behind:
Behold! his fiery arm is bare!
And Earth—another shock is there!
And the sublime and mighty tide,
Where freighted vessels proudly ride,
Is lashed to foam, and hurried back
Upon its grand and gloomy track!

Men flock together, still and mute,
And shuddering women kneel in prayer,
And to them fly the affrighted brute,
And the winged tenant of the air.

Shock followed shock—and as the sun
Went down upon his gloomy bed,
There came a crash—a fearful one—
And soon its work of wrath was done
On the unwaking dead:
Their silent city, and the stones
By friendship reared above their bones,
Were swallowed by the yawning earth,
Which poured its raging waters forth;
And those of life that hither flew,
Went down in wrath and darkness too!

POETRY OF CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

"When I am a man!" is the poetry of childhood;

"When I was a child!" is the poetry of age.

THE FIRMAMENT.

Speaking of the deep-blue vault of the firmament, Montgomery calls it "that impenetrable veil, which is itself the only perfect emblem of eternity, and is eternity made visible."

SCHOOL EDUCATION.

"No school education, strictly speaking, ought to begin before seven years of age."

SCHOOL GEOGRAPHIES.

Woodbridge's, Olney's, Malte Brun's, Willard's, Worcester's, Miss Beecher's, and Peter Parley's Geographies, for sale at the St. Clairsville BOOK STORE.

William D. Gallagher was contemporaneous with the
Editor Thomas G. Goss.